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LYRICS
GRAVE, GAY AND OTHERWISE.

By
Robert Ernst Berlet

Chicago.





Lyrics:
Grave, Gay and Otherwise.

AUTHOR'S NOTE

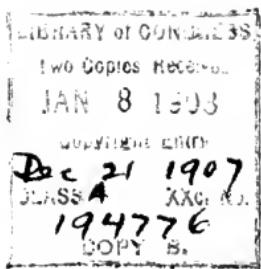
The following lyrical poems are the maiden efforts of the author. A number of them have been set to music and are musical numbers of his comic operas, "The Country Squire" and "Lizette" or "The Battle of Leipsic;" Criticism invited. Composers desiring to write music to these or other song poems of the author are respectfully solicited to correspond.

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Copyright 1907
By ROBERT E. BERLET

To My Mother.

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LULLABY.

The sun in the West, slowing is sinking,
 Softly the shadows fall.
 One by one, the stars come forth a twinkling,
 Silence reigns over all.
 Slumber on, while I am sweetly singing,
 Nestle your drowsy head.
 Sweet dreams, sleep to you will soon be bringing,
 In your little trundle bed.

REFRAIN: Lullaby, lullaby,
 Sleep, dear baby, sleep.
 Lullaby, lullaby,
 Watch o'er you I'll keep.
 Close your eyes of tender blue,
 Loved one's always nigh.
 There is none to us, so dear and sweet
 Lullaby, lullaby. (as you,



THE NURSE GIRLS ON PARADE.

After school, and at the close of day,
 One by one, we slowly wend our way,
 Down the village street.
 Babe in arms, or tugging at our skirt,
 Stopping now, and then perhaps to flirt
 With the beaus we meet.
 Listening to their promises absurd,
 Telling tales of what they may have heard
 Of some other maid.
 Modesty forbids that we should tell,
 There are none, really liked as well,
 As the nurse girls on parade.

REFRAIN: Hush a bye, little one, don't you cry,
 You'll be a soldier boy, bye and bye.
 Go to sleep, don't you peep, you need not be afraid,
 For we all expect, the soldiers will protect,
 The Nurse Girls on parade.

YOU NEVER CAN TELL.

He: Ever since the world began,
And the earth round its axis revolved.
There is one little question
No mortal man, has ever, ever solved.
Old Adam first tackled it,
And we all know what to him befell,
What a woman really, really wants,
One never, never can tell.

REFRAIN:

You can never tell what a woman will do,
You can never tell whether she cares for you,
She may say with a sigh,
No, yes, no, that is, well.
Now, what a woman really, really, wants,
You never, never, can tell.

She: Ever since the days of Eve,
When our earthly troubles first began,
No woman has yet been born,
Who can explain the doings of man, man,
Dear old Eve first tackled it, (man.
And we all know what to her befell,
For what a man really, really means,
One never, never can tell.

REFRAIN:

You never can tell what a fellow will do,
You never can tell whether he cares for you.
He may say with a smile,
Oh, dear, I love you, well—
But what a man really, really means,
You never, never, can tell.

HERE IS TO FAIR WOMAN.

Here is to fair woman,
Fair as a flower,
Dear to the hearts of men,
Whatever the hour.
There is not one of them,
Young, old, short or tall,
That is not loved by man,
For he loves them all.

Here's to the girl with auburn hair,
Here's to the one with dimpled cheeks,
Here's to the maid whose face is fair,
Here's to the miss who gently speaks.
Here's to the girl who's good and true,
With eyes that seem divine.
Here's to the girl, the only one,
That sweetheart girl of mine.



TO NOBLE THOUGHT THOU DOST INSPIRE.

It is not thy grace or beauty,
It is not thy golden hair,
It is not thy face so pretty,
Such charm none can compare.
It is not thy manners pleasing,
Which I doth most admire,
For your love so pure and simple,
Is all that I desire.

Chorus:

To noble thought thou dost inspire,
To works of love and beauty.
For you I'll strive for ideals higher,
For honor, truth and duty.
I love you for your virtues rare,
I know your heart is true.
With you my life I'll gladly share,
To be inspired by you.

CHOOSING.

She: Who would you choose, if you could,
 To be your loving wife?
 Who would you choose, if you would,
 As partner for all life?
 He: Could I but choose, if she would,
 I would not hesitate,
 To ask you, dear, if you would,
 To be my loving mate.

REFRAIN:

She: You're very, very nice to me,
 I really must confess.
 I know not what to say to thee,
 To answer no or yes.
 Now just a minute, let me think,
 What will I say or do?
 No—yes—no—yes, I really think,
 That I, that I'd—choose you.



I'M LONGING FOR YOU.

At night, alone, I think of you,
 And wish that you were nigh.
 My thoughts bring back to me anew,
 The happy days gone bye.
 Once more I see your loving face,
 So tender, kind and true.
 For none can ever take your place,
 I sigh and long for you.

REFRAIN:

For I'm so very lonesome,
 I long for your return.
 I can not be without you,
 And for your love I yearn.
 Won't you come back to-morrow,
 Oh dearest love, please do,
 For I'm lonesome, awfully lonesome,
 And I'm longing for you.

MY RHYMING DICTIONARY.

Homer, Virgil, Ovid, are poets I have read;
Also Chaucer, Shakespeare, and others long since
I've tackled lyrics, lyrics and comedy divine, (dead.
And dissected lines dramatic and other verses fine.
To get the knack poetic, I burned the midnight oil,
And my poems pathetic, caused me much mental toil.

But now, oh Joy, I do employ,
A rhyming dictionary.

REFRAIN: A rhyming dictionary,
A book quite necessary,
In ancient days to rhyme a line,
The bards would work from twelve to nine.
They'd cuss and swear and tear their hair,
And oft give up in sheer despair,

For that was customary,
They had no dictionary.

My rhyming dictionary, a very handy thing, (business)
From its vocabulary, many a song I sing.
It gives me bread and when I'm dead,

And in some cemetery.

Let it be said, I always read,
My rhyming dictionary.

CHORUS: It gives him bread and when he's dead,
And in some cemetery.
Let it be said, he always read,
His rhyming dictionary.

Holmes, Longfellow, Lowell, who lived not long ago,
And Whittier and Whitman, their poems all I know.
I've tackled love songs, satire and society verse,
And dissected poems lymphatic and verses very terse.
To get the knack poetic, I burned the midnight oil;
And my poems pathetic, caused me much mental toil.

But now, oh Joy, I do employ,
A rhyming dictionary.

REFRAIN: A rhyming dictionary,
A book quite necessary.
In modern days to rhyme a line,
The poets get up at half past nine,
And in this book, they take a look,
And then, ere long, they sings a song,
For it's now customary,
To use a dictionary.

My rhyming dictionary, a very handy thing,
From its vocabulary, many a song I sing.
It gives me bread and when I'm dead,
And in some cemetery,

Let it be said, I always read,

My rhyming dictionary.

CHORUS: It gives him bread and when he's dead, etc.



KATY-DOO AND KATY-DID.

A Katy-doo and a Katy-did
On a quiet summer's night,
Had a serious lover's quarrel,
About some fancied slight.

Katy-doo heard that Katy-did
Loved another Katy-doo.

Katy-did told Katy-doo,
That the story wasn't true;
But Katy-did claimed he had heard
From one who surely knew,
That Katy-did loved another more,
Than she loved Katy-doo.

Katy-did said Katy-didn't,
But loved but Katy-doo,
Now every night you may hear
The quarreling of the two.

Katy-did, katy-didn't; katy-did, katy-didn't;
(but she could.
Katy-did, katy-didn't, katy-did, katy-didn't;
(but she would.

IF YOU CARE FOR ME.

Let not your lips lightly speak of love,
 And vow you ever true will be.
 Swear not by all the stars above,
 That you love me and only me.
 Unless you mean all that you vow,
 And will to me e'er faithful be,
 No false words would you utter now,
 If you, if you, care for me.

REFRAIN:

If you care for me,
 If you care for me,
 No idle promises will you make,
 No vows eternal will you break,
 But love me for my own dear sake,
 If you care for me
 If you care for me.

Do not bestow one fond caress,
 And speak of eternal bliss
 And while my hand you gently press,
 Give not a single loving kiss.
 Unless you mean all that you vow,
 And will to me e'er faithful be,
 No false words would you utter now,
 If you, if you, care for me.



VACATION DAYS.

In summer time when it gets hot,
 We go in search of some cool spot,
 A pleasure trip we decide to take,
 In the country or across the lake.
 We take along some hard-earned cash,
 And with it try to cut a dash.
 After a week or so, we homeward go,
 Having learned a few things we ought to know.

That many things they advertised,
Were not like what we had surmised.
Your savings quickly dissapear,
For they get you but once a year.
To take it all they think's no crime,
Their harvest is your vacation time.

CHORUS:

Vacation days, vacation days,
We spend in many foolish ways,
Vacation days, vacation days,
That's "haytime" for the country jays.
At night mosquitoes for you lays,
At day you're tanned by hot sun rays,
In many ways, the country jays,
Get your coin in vacation days.

The town you leave on some warm night,
Next morn before the sun shines bright,
At early hour you fishing go,
And cast your line thus to and fro.
Expecting you will catch big fish,
For this has been your summer's wish.
After two hours or so, you homeward go,
Having learned a few things you ought to know,
That many things they advertised,
Were not like what you had surmised.
The fish that in their "Ads" appear,
They will explain were caught last year.
To tell such lies, they think's no crime,
Especially in vacation time.

CHORUS:

Vacation days, vacation days, etc.

MY DEAR LIZETTE.

Ever since I first met,
My own dear 'Lizette,
Strange sensations I feel near my heart.
When ever she is near.
O'er me comes a fear,
That I've been struck by cupid's dart.
For my heart has been stung,
By this maiden young,
With a love that I can not forget.
There's none that can compare,
With this maiden fair,
For there's none just like my own Lizette.

REFRAIN: Her smile is like the sunshine,
Her eyes with love light glow.
Her cheeks are always blushing,
She's the dearest girl I know.
Her lips are sweet as cherries.
Her face you'll ne'er forget.
For there's no other in this town,
As my dear, dear Lizette.

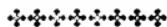


OH, HAPPY SUMMER DAYS.

We come to rest,
Among the flowers and trees,
Away from work,
To spend our time in ease.
The birds they sing,
Their sweetest melodies,
The wind it blows,
Its cooling gentle breeze.
The world it seems,
So happy free and gay,
How beautiful is this summer day.
The world it seems,
So happy free and gay,
How beautiful is this summer day.

CHORUS:

Of happy summer time in chorus let us sing,
Along the hill and dale, let our song in echo ring.
The many merry hours, we spend in joy and glee,
We shall ever cherish in sweetest memory.
Of happy summer time, we sing in glad refrain,
It is our fond desire, that it come oft again.



ONCE I KNEW A BAR MAID.

Once I knew a bar maid,
Who worked at a village inn,
Such charm and ways this maid displayed
That all men sought her to win.
With drooping eyes,
And manners shy,
She really looked demure.
Men would not dare,
At her stare,
She seemed too good and pure.
But I soon learned
To my surprise,
This little quite maid,
Would look demure,
And used her eyes,
To help build up the trade.

REFRAIN:

Eloise, was the maiden's name,
A pretty name I'm sure.
And with her coyish, teasing game,
Much trade she did secure.
On bended knees men vowed their love,
And sought her hand to squeeze.
But none could win this working girl,
This teasing Eloise.

SWEET GENEVIEVE.

Come to the gate with me, sweetheart.
 Come to the gate with me.
 The hour has come that I must depart,
 And say good-night to thee.
 The gentle breeze sighs in the trees,
 All Nature seems asleep,
 I trust the Power that all things sees,
 Watch o'er my love will keep.

REFRAIN:

Genevieve, dear Genevieve,
 I love you, I love you,
 Genevieve, dear Genevieve,
 Once more a fond adieu.
 Once more your hand in mine I hold,
 One kiss before I leave,
 Believe of me the story old,
 Good night, sweet Genevieve.
 The love light in your eyes to-night,
 Give me much happiness,
 As by the gleam of the pale moonlight,
 You to my heart I press.
 It seems as though the stars above,
 Beam in your eyes of blue,
 And that their rays shine forth a love,
 Which tells me you are true.



ROUND AND ROUND THE OLD OAK TREE,

Books and slates are put away,
 We have learned enough to-day,
 Let us dance and sing and play
 In a very joyous way.
 Laughing, shouting as we meet
 With sweet smiles each other greet.
 Dancing nimbly, merrily,
 Round and round the old oak tree.

CHORUS: Hear the church bells sweetly ring,
 Ding dong, ding dong,
Let us dance and gayly sing,
 Ding dong, ding dong.
Let each one a partner take,
While we all a circle make.
Lightly tripping 'round in two's
Quickly to other partners choose.
Laughing, shouting as we meet,
With sweet smiles each other greet.
Dancing nimbly, merrily,
Round and round the old oak tree
 La La La La La La
Round and round the old oak tree.

CHORUS: Ding dong, ding dong, etc.



THE COUNTRY SQUIRE.

I am Hi Stokes, the Country Squire,
An how-do-do I don't require.
For far and near and everywhere,
They know me by my auburn hair.
For every one does me admire,
That's why I am the Country Squire.

CHORUS: For every one does him admire,
 That's why he is the Country Squire,
 I am the Squire, the Country Squire.
The laws of State I interpretate,
My fees are large with no rebate.
Who pays me first will justice get,
Most honest man you ever met.
Such frankness sure you must admire,
That's why I am the Country Squire.

CHORUS: Such frankness sure you must admire,
 That's why he is the Country Squire.
 I am the Squire, the Country Squire.

For law reports I do not care,
Nor do you need a brief prepare.
For the Supreme Court to over-rule.
A Justice need not go to school.
Such wisdom sure you must admire,
That's why I am the Country Squire.

CHORUS: Such wisdom sure you must admire,
That's why he is the Country Squire.
I am the Squire, the Country Squire.

Noted for my integrity,
Decisions sent you C. O. D.
For wisdom and for dealings fair,
There's none with me you can compare.
Such things we do, yes all admire,
That's why I am the Country Squire.

CHORUS: Such things, we do yes all admire,
That's why he is the Country Squire.
I am the Squire, the Country Squire.



JUST A BIT OF NONSENSE.

No one ever accused me,
Of having a voice.

CHORUS: 'Tis true, 'tis true,
'Tis true (bad falsetto)
Between that and a screech,
There isn't much choice,

CHORUS: 'Tis true 'tis true,
'Tis true (same business)
But it is a fact,
I really can act,
The fool if you please,

CHORUS: Just see, just see,
Just see.

I'll have you to know,
That I am the show,
The main squeeze on the
Program is Me,

CHORUS: Is he, is he.

REFRAIN: Just a bit of nonsense,
Is all that I can do.
Just a bit of nonsense,
Is now amusing you.
Should you feel discouraged,
Perhaps a feeling blue,
Just a bit of nonsense,
Is just the thing for you.



MY LITTLE GIRL IN BROWN.

Dame Fashion now and then decrees,
The things that we shall wear.
She often finds it hard to please,
The whims of Lady Fair.
I know a maid, a dainty miss,
Who lives in this old town,
No matter what the style may be,
Who dresses all in brown.

REFRAIN:

A small fur hat, so trim and sweet,
Bedecks her curly hair.
A chic mink muff, with scarf as neat,
This pretty maid does wear.
Her dainty boot and hose to suit,
Just match her stylish gown,
There is no sweeter girl I know,
Than my little girl in brown.

LIZETTE, OR THE BATTLE OF LEIPZIG.

OPENING CHORUS:

On this beautiful festive day,
Let naught but happiness hold sway.
Leave care and sorrow far behind,
Your daily troubles do not mind.
On harvest days let mirth abound,
And let us dance in merry round.
Let hill and dale in laughter ring,
The time of year in praises sing—
 Sing heigh-e-hi-lo,
 Sing heigh-e-hi-lo,
 With honest brew,
 We'll drink anew,
 To our dear Fatherland.
 Sing heigh-e-hi-lo,
 Sing heigh-e-hi-lo,
 For truth and right,
 We stand unite,
 A true and fearless band.
Let enemy come and storm our gates,
For every one a soldier waits,
We'll gladly give our life and all,
 Our Fatherland,
 Our Fatherland,
 Must never,
 Must never,
 Must never fall.
With shouldered arms we boldly go,
To fight and crush the daring foe,
We'll gladly give our life and all,
 Our Fatherland,
 Our Fatherland,
 Must never,
 Must never,
 Must never fall.

TRUE LOVE IS RECONCILING.

He: Should you by chance have a quarrel
 With one whom you adore,
 Don't act as though you would make-up,
 But just go off to war.

She: Now should you wish to test the love,
 Of some admiring beau
 Don't act as though you anxious were
 But flirt with with others--so.

He: When you return you'll find that she
 Has missed you quite a bit.
 And her sweet smiles and loving eyes,
 Tell plainly you are it.

She: Though he may pout and angry seem,
 And your sweet smiles may spurn,
 You may be sure that come what may,
 To you he will return.

REFRAIN:

For true love is reconciling,
 Love quarrels are oft beguiling.
 Though we may quarrel as others do,
 We'll ever be sincere and true,
 For true love is reconciling.

For true love is reconciling,
 Love quarrels are oft beguiling.
 Though we may pout and act like this,
 And then make up with a kiss, kiss, kiss,
 For true love is reconciling.



THERE IS NO TIME LIKE CHILDHOOD.

When I was five months old,
 As I've been often told,
 I used to cry, both day and night,
 Mamma would say,
 Now ain't he bright.
 When I was five months old.

CHORUS:

There is no time like childhood,
 When life has just begun.
 The happy hours of childhood,
 Are full of joy and fun.
 The child ne'er thinks of sorrow,
 As happily it plays.
 Could they but last forever,
 Sweet childhood days.

 When I was ten years old,
 As I've been often told,
 When girls I kissed
 Upon the sly
 They all would say,
 Now ain't he "fly".
 When I was ten years old.

CHORUS:

There is no time like chilhhood days, etc.



A MOST METHODICAL MAN.

Imagine if you can,
 A methodical man,
 Of one whom I shall sing.
 Who would sys-tem-a-tize
 With watch 'fore his eyes,
 Ev'ry darn blooming thing.
 There was method in his madness,
 There was method in his sadness,
 There was method in whatever he would do.
 There was method in his thinking,
 There was method in his drinking,
 He was chuck full of method through and
 For he was! (through
 Yes, he was!
 For he was!
 Yes, he was!
 A most methodical man,
 A most methodical man.

CHORUS:

Be where he may, at night or day,
He was Johnny on the spot.
He'd be sure to stand, watch in hand,
So that he'd forget it not.
To eat, drink, walk, play, sing or talk,
He had a regular plan.
Throughout the town, he won renown,
As the most methodical man.

**WISHES.**

I wish I were a musikant,
For that is something great.
For than I would not have to want,
To get up until late.

I wish I were a bachelor,
That is my wish, indeed.
I would not have to walk the floor,
Nor crying baby feed.

REFRAIN:

To wish a wish is an easy thing,
'Tis hard a wish to get.
Perhaps you wished to hear me sing,
And now that wish regret.

I wish a wish, a simple wish,
So long as I may live.
The wish I wish is all I wish,
Dame Fortune me will give.

I wish I were a millionaire,
Now that is wishing some.
For U. S. Courts, I would not care,
I'd put them on the bum.

To wish a wish is an easy thing, etc.

WHAT DO THE RIPPLING WATERS SAY.

A maiden and her lover,
 Were strolling by the sea.
 They walked along in silence,
 In deepest reverie.
 They thought of happy moments,
 They'd spent since first they met.
 Of pleasant days that summer,
 Which they would ne'er forget.

Vacation days were over,
 The time had come to part,
 In those brief months of summer,
 He tried to win her heart.
 To be his wife he asked her,
 On that bright summer day,
 With modesty she murmured,
 What do the waters say.

CHORUS:

What do the rippling waters say,
 As they ripple to and fro.
 What do the rippling waters mean,
 As they softly ebb and flow.
 Is your love as constant as the sea,
 Is what I would like to know.
 What do the rippling waters say,
 Do they murmur yes or no.

The lover told the maiden,
 He ever true would be,
 His love for her would always
 Be constant as the sea.
 If she would only consent,
 To be his loving wife,
 They ever would be happy,
 Throughout their wedded life.

Give me your answer truly,
He begged with eagerness.
To hear that you really love me,
Would give me happiness.
Their brief romance was ended,
On that bright summer day,
For lovingly she answered,
What do the waters say?

CHORUS: What do the rippling waters say,
 As they ripple to and fro?
What do the rippling waters mean,
 As they softly ebb and flow?
What do the rippling waters say?
 'Tis very hard to guess,
What do the rippling waters say?
 I think I will say yes.

BESS AND JESS.

You talk about your city girls,
Who are so wise and witty,
Or about the stylish maids,
Who dress so chic and pretty.
Most of this is make believe,
It's paint and powder and dress,
I prefer the simple country lass,
Whose pretty name is Bess.

REFRAIN:

Bess, Bess, queen of gracefulness.
Bess, Bess, oh, what happiness.
Bess, Bess, could I but possess,
Bess, Bess, to my heart I press,
Yes, I must confess,
That I love the little lass,
Whose simple name is Bess.

You talk about your clubs and things,
You city folks enjoy.
Or about the novel ways,
Your idle time employ.
That most of this is folly,
All good men will confess,
Far better are the country ways,
Of a simple lad like Jess.

REFRAIN:

Jess, Jess, man of nobleness,
Jess, Jess, oh what happiness,
Jess, Jess, it is to possess,
Jess, Jess, I will answer yes,
For I must confess,
That I love the honest man,
Whose simple name is Jess

**TRUE LOVE IS THE ONLY LOVE.**

There are many, many girls,
That are very fair and sweet,
There are the little saucy girls,
With ankles trim and neat.

There are girls who act coquettish,
There are those who will act shy,
And yet when they have a chance,
Will flirt with you or I.

Of all the girls that one may meet,
There is only one for me,
She is the little simple girl,
Who ever true will be.

CHORUS:

For true love is the only love,
True as the stars that shine above,
I love but one and that is you,
To you my darling, I'll e'er be true.

There are many, many men,
 That are gay and debonair,
 There are those awful jolly boys,
 Whose capital is hot air.

There are men who are wise and great,
 There are others who are not,
 There are those who will exaggerate,
 About the wealth they've got,

But of all the men that one may meet,
 There's only one for me.
 He is the good and honest man,
 Who ever true will be.

CHORUS: For true love is the only love, etc.



'TWAS AT A SUMMER RESORT.

CHARLIE.

By the sea,
 Twenty. three
 Maidens fair,
 Spy me there.
 Only boy,
 Oh, what joy!
 With each girl,
 Take a whirl.
 And a kiss,
 From each miss.
 Such a treat,
 Let's repeat.
 And that night,
 They invite
 Me to call,
 On them all.
 Which I do,
 Wouldn't you?

FATHER.

Rest you need,
 Change of feed.
 The next day,
 You go 'way
 To a farm.
 Oh, such charm.
 Bed room small,
 Near a hall.
 Kitchen smell;
 Hot as - well,
 You can guess,
 Wretchedness.
 Mosquitoes
 Bite your nose.
 Bed bugs creep,
 While you sleep.
 Scanty fare,
 Meat quite rare.

WILLIE.

Mamma's pet,
 Gay coquette.
 Meet by chance,
 A romance.
 Hand he takes,
 Love he makes.
 Will she be,
 His birdie?
 She says yes,
 Happiness.
 Diamond rings,
 Other things.
 But next day,
 Without delay,
 Maiden fair,
 With brown hair,
 Goes away,
 Without delay,

Moonshines bright Chickens? Well, And that night,
 Starry night. Those they sell. She does write
 I'm their beau Weak coffee, Billet-doux,
 The whole show. Milk and tea. Lines quite few.
 Can't say no For fresh fruit, That she would,
 Spend my dough. Substitute. If she could,
 All I got Breakfast food, Be his wife,
 Happy lot, "Just as good." All through life.
 But next day, As for pie, But she said
 They're away. Very shy. I am wed.
 Oh, how cruel, In a week, So forget,
 Played a fool. Home you sneak. That we met.
 It's no joke, Bill you pay, Good-bye, pet.
 I am broke. Then away. Yours, Fleurette.

CHORUS:

'Twas at a summer resort,
 'Twas at a summer resort,

CHARLIE.

These maidens fair
 That spied me there,
 Gave me my share,
 Of real hot air,

FATHER.

No longer farm,
 Has for me charm,
 For I got my share,
 Of scanty fare,

WILLIE.

This gay coquette,
 Fleeced mamma's pet,
 Of diamond rings,
 And other things,

At a gay summer resort,
 At a bum summer resort,
 At a gay summer resort.

MERRY, MERRY MILK MAIDS.

Over grassy fields and meadows,
Through shady woods and dells,
The cows are driven homeward,
Hear the music of the bells,
At sunset we to milking go,
So happy, gay and free,
When that is o'er, few chores we do,
Then through with work are we.
Hark, hear the cows come home,
As they through wood and meadow roam,
Hark, hear the bells, hear the bells.



I MISS YOU MOST OF ALL.

'Twas on a cold and wintry day,
Dark and dreary was the sky.
That a young man from home went 'way,
And his loved ones bade good-bye.
One day his sweetheart heard from him,
After waiting many years,
And as she read these lines from "Jim"
She could not restrain her tears.

CHORUS: I miss my dear old mother,
I miss all others too,
I've learned there is no other,
Can take the place of you.
I miss the green old pastures,
The nooks where shadows fall.
But of all to me most dearest,
I miss you most of all.

Far from his home, he thought that he,
Fame and fortune sure could win.
But as years rolled by, it seemed to be,
That success was not for him.
One day another letter came,
It was from his dying bed,
His struggles all had been in vain,
It was this his sweetheart read:

WE ARE TWO ROAMING RHYMERS.

Come list and we'll in song unfold,
 A tale we're sure has ne'er been told,
 A tale of two old timers.
 A tale of two old timers.
 We spend our time to versify,
 And that is the reason why,
 We're called two roaming rhymers,
 They're called two roaming rhymers.

We talk in verse from morn till night,
 To versify is our delight.

We sing in song most everything,
 They all are pleased to hear us sing.
 Our lines in rhyme are most sublime,
 We win your hearts, yes every time.
 For all we know for such is fate,
 We may yet be poet laureate.

For all they know for such is fate,
 They may yet be poet laurette.

CHORUS: We talk in rhyme, we walk in rhyme,
 To snore in rhyme, we think's no crime.
 We eat in rhymes, we drink in rhyme,
 We express ourselves in thoughts sublime.
 We lie in rhyme, we snooze in rhyme,
 We'll die in rhyme at any time.
 We'll rhyme in rhyme in any clime,
 We'll shut up if you give us a dime.

That there's much worse, we'll not deny,
 Such verse as ours will make you cry.
 And this is why you understand,
 Our verses are in great demand.
 Excuse us now, we'll have to go,
 To write some verse for a comic show.
 For all we know for such is fate,
 We may yet be poet laureate.

CHORUS: We talk in rhyme, we walk in rhyme, etc.

L OF C

TRIUMPHANT FROM WAR THE SOLDIERS
ARE RETURNING.

Hear the bugle sound,
 Hear the beating drum.
Hear the tramping feet,
 Hear the heroes come.
Let the banners fly,
 Let the streets be gay,
Sing your praises high,
 Let sweet joy hold sway.
 Here our heroes come.

Triumphant, from war,
 Our soldiers are returning,
Napoleon, no more,
 For conquest will be yearning,
Then shout with glee,
 For victory,
 Has been our soldiers lot,
They bravely fell,
 Midst shot and shell,
 And fear they showeth not.

Triumphant from war,
 Your soldiers are returning.
Napoleon, no more,
 For conquest will be yearning.
 No roaring cannon,
Or piercing shot,
 Could stop our valiant fire.
With clashing sabers,
 In battle hot,
 We forced them to retire.
Victorious and glorious,
 A brave and fearless band.
Victorious and glorious,
 Long live our Fatherland.

JUST LIKE YOU.

I have courted very many girls,
Since I was first so inclined.
Many I have met at social whirls,
And with others I have dined.
But the girls I met both young and old,
And some very pretty, too,
There was none that won my bachelor heart,
For none were just like you.

REFRAIN:

None I met in this wide, wide world,
Just like you, just like you.
None won my heart, none seemed to be,
So good and true, good and true.
Where ever I may go, I'll never learn to know,
A dainty, pretty little girl like you,
Just like you.



IT'S UP TO YOU.

Comedian: A slow boy asked a waiting maid
Will you be my bride?
Of spinsterhood she was afraid,
So quickly she replied:
It's up to you. It's up to you.

Widow: Neighbor Schmidt called the very day
That my poor husband died.
When he asked, now, what shall you do?
This is what I sighed:
It's up to you. It's up to you.

Tailor: A gay soubrette a nice dear boy
In her toils ensnared.
When he implored, please let me go,
This is what she declared:
It's up to you. It's up to you.

COMEDIAN.

It's up to you,
It's up to you.
Place do not go,
You've been so slow. Please do not go. Can't let you go.
After all these years Just say the word For as you know,
I won't say no. I won't say no. I need the dough,
And now (spoken) And now (spoken) And now (spoken)
It's up to you, It's up to you. It's up to you.

YOU DONT HAVE TO WEAR ANY GLAD RAGS,
TO BE ALL THE WORLD TO ME.

Say Liz, just let me whisper,
Sweet nothings in your ear.
Let me tell you for fair,
That I am on the square,
And I really love you dear.
Others may josh you, Lizzie.
And fill you with hot air.
Though your parents are poor,
I love you, I am sure
With you none can compare.

REFRAIN:

For you don't have to wear any glad rags,
To be all the world to me.
For I do not care,
As to what you wear
So long you true will be.
So give me your hand,
And lets understand,
True pals we e'er will be.

For you don't have to wear any glad rags,
To be all the world to me.

ALMOST ANYTHING IS PERMISSIBLE
ON THE STAGE.

Upon the stage, it's all the rage,
Another's art to disparage.
Each bloomin' skate, won't hesitate,
A real actor to imitate.
Or country jay, in half-baked way,
A foolish skit will try to play.
For in this age, it's all the rage,
To permit most anything on the stage.

CHORUS:

Yes, almost anything is permissible on the stage,
And that which is often rotten, is sometimes quite
So long as we will stand for it, (the rage.
The actors think they've made a hit,
Should you find fault, they'll have a fit.

But feathers,

Almost anything is permissible on the stage.

Who has not seen the actorine,

Who really thinks she is a queen.

And Miss Marie, of gay Paree,

Who tries her best to sing high G.

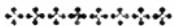
There's the sister act; it's a fact,

Their noise is like a cataract.

For in this age, it's all the rage,

To permit most anything on the stage.

CHOURS: Yes, almost anything, etc.



JIM.

I have a boy, Lowell is his name,
But for that, his father is to blame.
Since he toddles 'round, I've called him "Jim",
And I believe that name just fits him.
For he's just a simple baby boy.
Who all prankish tricks does enjoy.
There's no other ever, just like him,
He is just the candy. I mean "Jim"

REFRAIN:

Say Jim, Jim, oh come and play with me,
You can be the driver and the horsie I will be.
Now look! Isn't he the Dickens; just look at him.
Gee, I'm as proud as can be, for he's my Jim,

WE'VE HEARD THAT BEFORE.

I'll sing a song of nuisances,
 Of men we all abhor,
Who persistently repeat the things,
 We all have heard before.
Now there is the nuisance, who,
 Will repeat some ancient gag,
Who wants to be known 'round the town,
 As a wise and witty wag.
Then there is the long-haired chap,
 Who will read a silly poem;
The father who will talk of
 The bright kid he has at home,
And the liar who boasts,
 Of fish that got away.
To all these repeating nuisances,
 This we ought to say:

CHORUS:

We've heard that before, repeat it no more,
 It's merely a waste of breath.
To reiterate a thing antiquate,
 Is working a thing to death.
So say something new, it need not be true,
 To you we kindly implore,
Forever refrain and say not again,
 The thing we have heard before.

Then there's the man who whispers,
 Let me have ten, I'm broke,
And the low comedian with
 His oft repeated joke.
Then there's the prima donna nuisance,
 And her last farewell tour,
And the comic opera writers,
 Each year we must endure.
The late returning husband,
 Who promises to be good;

The artist with his picture,
Of the tramp and sawing wood.
And that ancient chestnut,
Is it hot enough to-day.
To all these repeating nuisances,
This we ought to say:

CHORUS: We've heard that before, etc.



JUST A DEAR SWEET GIRL.

There is no joy as to waltze with you,
At a fancy ball.
Happy am I as I dance with you,
Gliding through the hall.
The music sweet entrances me,
As round and round we whirl,
At such a time, I want but one,
Just a dear sweet girl.

REFRAIN: Just a dear sweet girl,
Just a dear sweet girl.

Happy am I as I waltze with you,
To the sweet tune of the Danube Blue.
With your hand in mine,
To the music divine,
There's nothing more entrancing
Than to whirl in waltze time, with
Just a dear sweet girl.



OVER THE MOUNTAINS. (Entrance Song)

Over the mountain,
In the valley below,
Down by the hillside,
Where sweet flowers grow.
There lives a maiden,
Whom I'm yearning to see,
Soon to my dear love,
I'll be returning to thee.

SAY, WHAT'S THE USE? DOES IT PAY.

To work from morn till late at night,
We scrape and save with all our might,
And to all we get we hold tight.

Say, what's the use? Does it pay?
Our pelf we get by graft and stealth,
We sacrifice our very health,
So when we die, we'll leave some wealth.

Say, what's the use? Does it pay?
We can't resist to lie and cheat,
And every one we try to beat,
To leave behind a sum quite neat.

Say, what's the use? Does it pay?
For the Golden Rule no one cares,
We dope and fake our goods and wares;
Then leave it all to worthless heirs.

Say, what's the use? Does it pay?
We brag and bribe and go to court,
And to all dirty tricks resort,
Just to appear in Dun's report.

Say, what's the use? Does it pay?
The wealth we thus acquire and take,
At death we can not with us take.
We wonder why and for whose sake.

Say, what's the use? Does it pay?



NOTHING DOING.

Jasper Jackson of Iowa,
Blew into town; 'twas yesterday.
In front of the Fair, on State street,
A bunco man he happened to meet.
Who said he'd sell, Jasp. then and there,
A half an interest in the Fair.
The bunco man said that he'd take,
Just two thousand plunks, for friendship's sake.

But Jasper was no silly guy,
And told the man he wouldn't buy.
But simply shook his be-whiskered head,
And this is what old Jasper said:
Nothing doing, nothing doing,
That is a poor investment for me.
So skiddoo, 22, twenty-three.
Nothing doing, nothing doing,
By jimminy crack, I think I'll take
The next train back. It's skiddoo for me.



SALLY LEE.

I'm feelin' kinda lazy;
Must be something wrong.
All day long I'm whistlin',
Or singing some love song.
I'm no earthly good at working,
What can the matter be?
It must be 'cause I'm loveing,
A lovin' Sally Lee.

CHORUS: Oh Sally Lee, Sally Lee,
 Won't you tell me, tell me,
 That you'll marry, marry, me.
 Say the word and I'll go to work,
 Get a job as a grocery clerk.
 Sally Lee, Sally Lee, tell me,
 Tell me, that you'll marry me.



I NEVER TOLD YOU THAT.

She: Before I married you, my dear,
 I know the truth will hurt.
 By all, I was known, far and near,
 As a deceptive flirt.
 And oft while you were courting me,
 In other laps I sat.
 Perhaps this is sad news to you,
 For I never told you that.

He: One night, since we've been married dear,
(This is a whooping lie.)
I came home full of wine and beer,
A sight I was, oh my!
My clothes were torn, I looked forlorn,
I was without a hat.
Perhaps this is bad news to you,
For I never told you that.

REFRAIN:

There are things we quite discreetly,
Oft do upon the sly.
And in a manner neatly,
The truth we oft deny.
Don't look at me so angry,
What are you laughing at?
I really love you dearly.
I never told you that.



I TRUST THE DAY WILL NEVER COME.

Oft times I gaze into your face,
As stars shine from above.
I then recall the time and place,
That I won you, dear love.
My thoughts go back those many years,
Each one so dear to me,
'Tis then my heart grows faint with fears,
"Will it thus ever be?"

REFRAIN:

I trust the day will never come,
That we in anger part.
I trust that you will ever be,
My own true love, sweetheart.
Let fortunes ill's be what they may,
There's nothing that I fear.
I know I'll ever happy be,
So long as you are near.

THE MERMAID AND THE MARINER.

A mermaid loved a mariner,
A sailor bold and free.

For many years he courted her,
This maiden of the sea.

The mermaid promised she would be,
His true and loving bride,
And guide him o'er the boundless sea,
And e'er be by his side.

But one sad day the sailor lads,
Sailed to his home away.
He did not tell this maiden true,
That he would go to stay.

For years and years she hoped that he
Would come to her again;
And the sailor lads that sail that sea,
Can hear this sad refrain.

CHORUS:

Could I forget,
That we had met,
This parting would not cause these
My love for you, (tears.
Was pure and true,
And I looked forth to happy years.

If you but knew,
My love for you,
Since the day you and I first met.
Most bitter woe,
To leave me so,
Could I forget, could I forget.

Could I forget, could I forget,
That we had met, could I forget.

RECIPE FOR A COMIC OPERA.

A pot of paste, a pair of shears,
An almanac of by gone years,
This is a good beginning.
A few good jokes, some may be new,
Some music sweet and rag-time too,
Good songs for chorus singing.

Some handsome boys with voices sweet,
And pretty girls with ankles neat,
To support the prima donna.
A ruler and a chamberlain,
The latter will the law explain,
You'll find in every opera.

Some ancient puns, a lot of rot,
We quite forgot we had no plot,
But that's not necessary.
The leading man, the comedian,
Will this explain, the best he can,
For that is customary.

Sprinkle some nonsense here and there,
Marches fine and simple air,
As music for the orchestra.
A few good songs interpolate,
And then 'twill be quite up-to-date,
And there's your comic opera.

Be sure before the opening night,
Not to forget to copyright,
It does seem rather funny,
That people who have got good sense,
When they have read the press comments,
For such stuff will pay money.

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